

tempted the robbery of some cigars. This would have been excusable, for Parton usually left a box of cigars on the cabin table to be used by both the captain and the mate if they desired. By chance, that day, it was not there, and it was possible that Mr. Brown had been looking for it. Before the South African episode Parton would have thought nothing of this. Now he thought a great deal about it. He did not, however, mention it to the captain.

During the week Parton became convinced that the man visited his state room more than once, while its proper claimant was on deck, and his dislike for him became so strong that it was mentally painful. Furthermore, it was hard for him to conceal it. On a small vessel, like the Lydia, with only three men with whom a man may talk without what almost amounts to a breach of discipline, the relations with these men must necessarily be almost intimate, and the formation of dislikes toward them is likely to be more disagreeable than would be the springing up of personal aversions in almost any conceivable circumstances ashore.

That very night while they were sitting at table the captain put his hand suddenly to his head and turned a little white.

"By John Quincy Adams!" said he, ripping out the complete expletives at once without his usual gradual approach to it, "but that was funny," and went quickly to the deck.

Parton followed him at once and saw that he had gone to the weather rail and was holding his face into the wind, as if the feeling of the breeze was pleasant to his cheeks and forehead.

"What's the trouble, captain?" asked Parton anxiously.

"Oh, nothin' much, I guess," said the captain. "Once in a while the cabin seems to get awful stuffy. Time was when I could sleep in th' hermetic sealed fo'c'sle of a Grand Banks smack, an' never smell it nor feel th' need of air. But I guess I'm gettin' old. Anyhow, it's sometimes awful hard for me to stay below for any length of time."

"Shan't I have your supper brought up here?" said Parton with some solicitude in his voice.

The captain turned on him suddenly and peevishly.

"Now, by John! said the old man, "what do you think I am? Do you s'pose I've got to be tended to by any passenger? There ain't nothin' th' matter with me. I jest felt a little mean for a minute. Used to feel mean oftener when I was 20 than I do now. No, I don't want my supper brought

up here. If I want to eat I can go down an' eat. Think I'm a baby?"

And as Parton turned away a very disagreeable thought flashed through his mind. If anything should happen to the captain how would the mate, in supreme command, act about the diamonds?

A day or two after this an idea occurred to him. It was while the captain was making an inspection of the forward hold. There was a little more water than there should be there, and he went down himself to see what there was to see. He asked Parton if he would like to go with him. He had entirely recovered his old spirits and once or twice Parton thought he was on the verge of asking him to pardon the recent outbreak, but the request never came.

Parton had never before been in the hold of a cargo ship, and the trip interested him. To his surprise he found that she was laden, forward, with square logs about twenty feet long and two feet wide by a foot and a half thick. They were mahogany timbers from Burmah and Siam, and the captain considered them a very good cargo. They packed closely and were heavy enough to ballast well. The old man displayed a curious miscellaneous knowledge of mahogany and told Parton many things about the timber which were entirely unconnected with its shipment as a sea cargo, delivering, indeed, a little lecture on tropical and precious woods.

Among other things to which he called Parton's attention was an auger hole in the end of each of the mahogany logs. He explained that these holes were bored for the purpose of testing the integrity of the timber. He told about a certain insect which often greatly damaged mahogany by perforating the very hearts of the trees and sometimes eating out a tunnel through the greater part of a timber's length. This, of course, greatly decreased the value of the timber, and the shrewd up-country dealers sometimes tried to conceal the depredations of the pest by filling in the holes with plugs or sawdust, covering the exposed end over so carefully and making it so closely resemble the end of a sound tree heart that buyers were deceived and paid first-class prices for imperfect timber.

This practice had become so prevalent, the captain went on, that nearly all mahogany timber submitted for export was now tested by these auger holes in each end of the log. A few turns of the bit would show whether the heart was sound and solid or had been filled, and the ag-

gregate damage thus done to 1,000 logs would be much less than the loss from even a few timbers which were imperfect through their entire length.

Parton glanced at these holes carefully at first, and then examined them with real interest, probing into one of them with a thin rod and finding that it penetrated a distance of more than three feet.

Then, while they were still discussing the matter, Parton stepped under the open hatch to see if any one were near to it so that their conversation was likely to be heard. They were quite alone. Parton, after he had fully satisfied himself on this point, said to the captain:

"I believe that Brown means to rob me if he can. If he dared he would threaten me with the police on our arrival, thus trying to force me to give up something to him. He is too much afraid of you to do that, and so he has, I think, been trying to find some way of stealing some or all of the stones from me outright."

He then gave to the captain in detail his reasons for being suspicious, and added:

"Now, I don't want to have those diamonds about me or about my cabin any more."

"You're right," said the captain. "I was a fool ever to have shipped them."

"Well," said Parton, "what it has occurred to me to do is to come in here and put the stones in the end of one of these logs. Then I can stuff some money into my belt—indeed, there is considerable there already—and leave it where, if he really wants to, he can secretly inspect it without much risk. I have no doubt that he would take advantage of such an opportunity. If he is once assured that they are not in the belt, I believe that he will search in other parts of the cabin for the stones, and, not finding them, will conclude either that I have fooled you and have no such stones or that I have not brought them with me. I think it would be wise to give him every opportunity to search. I'm a little worried about him as it is. What do you think of the plan?"

"It's an all right scheme," said the captain. "I'm glad you're showin' some sense at last. It's a John good notion. Them logs wasn't intended nor designed to be no safety deposit vaults, but I guess they'll make good ones. Then, if you should fall overboard, I could auction 'em off like prize packages. I might re'lize quite a lot by it. I hate to know anythin' about so much money, though, by Quincey. My nerves ain't strong."

"If you're specially interested in studyin' the innards o' mahogany logs, why I ain't a-goin' to stop you from pursuin' your inclination in th' hold o' the Lyddy. I'll try to arrange it so that you can do it without attractin' th' attention of th' mate, 'though that ain't th' easiest thing in th' world. Tryin' to do things on th' sly on a ship like th' Lyddy is some like tryin' to conceal your presence from th' girl that's a-sittin' on your lap."

It was later in the same day, when the captain, making certain that Mr. Brown was forward with the men attending to some alterations to be made in the fittings of the fore-castle, seated himself again near Parton, and quickly passed to him a small package tied up in a newspaper. This held a piece of wood, carefully whittled round, and about an inch and a half in diameter.

"That's a plug," said the captain. "It'll just fit into one of them auger holes. After I'd stowed away the stuff, if I was you, I'd put that plug in, an' then, John! how I'd mark that log! You wouldn't gain much if, after we got into port, you wasn't able to identify your stick o' timber. There's 48 of 'em down there, an' it'd sure attract attention, if you was to go an' sound the innards of all of 'em after we got into dock."

"Now," he went on after a pause, "I'm goin' to keep Mr. Brown so John busy in th' cabin aggerin' on some accounts this afternoon, an' I'm goin' to keep every man Jack o' the hull crew so Adams hard at work in one place or another, that if you want to sneak down there a few minutes to say your prayers or anythin', why I guess you can do it without bein' disturbed at your devotions. If you're a-goin' to worship with a hammer, though, I wouldn't make my prayers too John Quincy Adams loud, that's all."

Parton rose to get the diamonds from the cabin and the captain rose also; but sank back with an exclamation, putting his hand to his head.

Parton approached him quickly and anxiously.

"What is it, captain?" he asked, with real solicitude and not a little anxiety in his voice.

"That's jest it," said the captain. "That's jest it. By John Quincy Adams, I don't know what it is! That's why I'm so John anxious to have you git the Quincey things took care of in some Adams way. I don't know but the mate'll be in command of th' Lyddy 'fore I can git her into the John Quincy Adams port!"

(To Be Continued.)



From Maine to Texas

(Continued from Page Eight.)

the gold, silver, lead, copper and coal mines in operation—for it's the states that we're looking for today—and down here we'll find our 'New Kentucky Home.' Yes, this big building, like a fine club house, represents the Bluegrass state.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed one of the girls, "what is that old-looking building with a tall tower-like dome and eels running out in five directions?"

Here Uncle John turned to the group with an air of satisfaction. "That's Texas," he said, "my state, the biggest state in the union. This building is star-shaped, to fitly represent the Lone Star State."

"That's a unique structure just across the drive from Texas," said one of the girls. "What is that?"

"That is South Dakota," the guide answered, "and it is a corn palace. It certainly is unique, for there's nothing else like it on the grounds. You will notice that it is covered entirely with corn; no wood-work shows on the exterior."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the girl, "but wouldn't my pet pony like to pay a visit to South Dakota when nobody was locking!"

The tourists passed on, pausing briefly at Oregon, the next state that hove into view. Uncle John explained that the largest fir tree in the world furnished some of the timber for this building. The tree was 300 feet high and forty feet in circumference at the base. From the ground to the first limb was 118 feet. The tree was something of a Methuselah, being more than 90 years old.

Maryland, North and South Carolina, North Dakota, Alabama, Georgia and New Mexico each was visited in its turn, the girls and young men being delighted with the showing made by each.

"Now," said the general pilot, "we must take a little longer walk, for the rest of the states are west of the Palace of Fine Arts. We will pass along here between the Fine Arts and the Terrace of States, on which you will observe a gigantic woman's figure seated on each pedestal. There are

fourteen of these pedestals, representing the fourteen states and territories that have been carved out of the original territory of Louisiana. These heroic statues—"

"Must be pretty cold for those women to sit up there on those pedestals all winter with summer clothes on," interrupted a young man who has a habit of seeing the funny side.

"We will pass on," continued Uncle John, sternly, "and not stop to look inside the splendid Festival hall, for there are several states yet to visit. See, away over yonder where the driveway forks and forms a pretty triangle of lawn. Well, that's Tennessee. The building is a reproduction of Andrew Jackson's old home, the Hermitage. Everybody will want to see that. There are people in some parts of the country, I am told, who are still voting for Jackson. Alongside Tennessee we find Idaho, new western state—very far west. Idaho's building is a cosy bungalow, with a great smoking room that has polished floors, bearskin rugs and other signs of elegant comfort. Now we pass by the Temple of Fraternity and the Temple Inn and come to California. This building is a replica of the famous old La Rabida monastery. See, the walls are stained to represent the ravages of time, just as on the original structure."

Next to California's building the party found a large and imposing edifice, 200 feet long, its cornices crowned with statuary. It was the Illinois state building.

"My! why did Illinois get so far away from Missouri?" asked the inquisitive girl.

"Not through any lack of neighborliness," Uncle John answered, "but because her commissioners were delighted with this site, which gave them opportunity for terraces and a splendid view of nearly all the exposition from the dome of the building. Now we have completed the circuit."

"But we've not seen New Hampshire and Delaware yet," insisted the young man, who had wanted to visit all the states if some one would pay his expenses.

"I said at the outset," Uncle John replied, "that I would show you all the states and territories, but two. Delaware and New Hampshire have not yet secured

sites, but New Hampshire's people are busy raising a World's fair funds and Delaware is bound to come in, for she cannot afford to be the only state not represented at the greatest of universal exhibitions."

"Say, uncle, this trip is worth a good deal more than 30 cents," remarked the youngest girl.

"I'm glad you have enjoyed it, may dear," replied the pilot. "Some other other day I may bring you out to visit Uncle Sam's island possessions—the Philippines, Porto Rico, Guam and Hawaii—also Alaska. They are all here at the World's fair."

Judge Van Devanter

(Continued from Page Nine.)

and jurisprudence, in the law school of Columbian university at Washington.

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